Brief Sketch of Life of Henry Ward Beecher

It does not seem so long ago that Henry Ward Beecher lived and died, for many men of middle age remember his last years.

Still he was born one hundred and one years ago—June 24, 1813— and died March 8, 1887. He was one of the most remarkable men of his age. He will be better appreciated a century hence than he is now, for he was one of the most intense of men, and such men create antagonisms which outlast their lives here for a few years until one voice after another of his enemies grows still, and then some one picks up the tangled thread of the man's life, separates them, then weaves them into a fabric in loom which brings out the true colors of the original so that men can estimate correctly the statue of the man in his niche of the ages.

He began life with a vast desire to serve his Creator. He soon decided that the way he could do that best was to serve his fellow men, and then, a little later decided that the best service to man was to convince him that to abjure all that was evil in his nature and cultivate what was good was his best way to secure for himself happiness and peace.

Hence from the first he was a temperance advocate. From the first he believed that human slavery was an unspeakable wrong, and so with a pen tipped with fire and a voice clothed in music, or in thunder, as he willed, he began his work in early youth and never rested in his high calling until, suddenly, his summons came.

He was a natural orator. One of the foremost of speakers on the lecture platform, the foremost pulpit orator of his time, one of the most powerful and graceful of editorial writers. To read what he wrote was and always will be, a fascination, while in his church, which was always crowded audiences listened as the lover of music listens to organ, harp and flute playing in accord.

His greatest single achievement was in England. He went abroad for a brief rest. He reached England just when Napoleon III was urging England to join him in interposing in behalf of the Confederacy, and when the nobility, rich manufacturers and merchants had combined against the United States in its struggle for life against the great problem. It was, too, when the efforts of the Union armies in the field seemed overmatched on every field.

Charles Francis Adams, our minister to England was facing all manner of difficulties—a surly and vindictive public opinion and slights and taunts that made him feel that he was in an enemy's country. All Beecher's patriotism and all his fighting qualities were aroused. He volunteered to deliver a few lectures. When he stepped upon the platform to deliver his first lecture the hall was crowded with people. He was met by hisses and catcalls which lasted half an hour. He faced the tumult, his determination to be heard hardening all the time, and at length he was permitted to speak.

He threw no boquets at the mob before him, but told them he had often heard that true Englishmen believed in fair play, and he had been experiencing how true the saying was for the past half hour.

He had often heard Englishmen boast how their country had voluntarily freed their slaves and for half an hour he had been witnessing how sincere the boast had been.

He had proceeded but a little way when out of the crowd a voice shouted: Mr. Beecher, are not you the man who said the rebellion in your country would be put down in sixty days?

The instant reply was: Yes, heretofore my country has only fought Indians, Mexicans, Tripoli pirates and Englishmen, now it is fighting Americans, I was mistaken.

Then he received his first cheer from the savage crowd, and after that he had his own way except when interrupted by cheers.

His lectures on that visit were triumphs of patriotism, power and match less eloquence.

A scandal darkened his last days. Whether there was aught of truth in it, of course, is not known, but this is sure, no man was ever more tempted for he swayed men and women alike as perhaps no other man in our country ever did.

Had he chosen the law for his calling, and had he entered politics, he would have been the foremost man in his country after Clay and Webster died, and before Lincoln, in his last days, made clear that his election to the presidency was no accident, but rather that before his rude cradle was rocked, it had been planned that he should be the central figure in the mightiest tragedy of modern times.

Those nearest Beecher loved him most. He had none of the austerity of some of the great men of his day; none of the petty jealousies; he was ready at any moment to look a king in the face or sit down and exchange pleasantries with a man like Josh Billings. He had only warm blood in his veins and was great enough to realize how little it was for men in their brief walk through life to indulge in petty things or to minister to their own egotism. Our belief is that if the Judgment Angel met his soul at the gate and asked what his life, the reply was: With the means at my command, I did the best I could, and that all down the enchanted aisles the harps sounded a welcoming refrain.

FAMOUS LADY SINGER. WINS DIVORCE

William Rapp Flees When Letters Are Read at Divorce Trial

Chicago, June 13.—Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink noted opera singer, won her suit for divorce from William Rapp, Jr.

Judge Sullivan directed the jury to find a verdict for the madam.

Before another avalanche of his love letters in which he deferred to Mrs. Katherine E. Dean in terms of endearment, William Rapp Jr., husband of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink and defendant in her suit for divorce, capitulated and fled from the court room.

Rapps face turned deep crimson when the reading of the letters was resumed.

He listened for a few minutes while the crowd giggled at darling wonder girl, and other terms he used in conveying his affection to the blond lady named as correspondent. Then he stalked out into the corridor. Later his attorney attempted to get him to return to the courtroom for consultation, but Rapp stuck to his post in the hallway.

Try to Stop Reading

A futile attempt to stop the reading of the "Dearest Nonnie" letters was made by Rapp's attorneys. They argued that the reading of the phrases describing Rapps fiery love for Mrs. Dean before a big crowd of women and young girls was contrary to public morals. Judge Sullivan ruled that their importance in supporting

Mme. Schuman-Heink's charges of misconduct outweighed the possibility of divorce fans minds being poisoned.

The letters read contained the same terms used in the letters read with a few variations. Instead of the Dearest Nonnie, salutation, Schuman-Heink's husband sometimes began with Darling Nonnie, or Darling Wonder Woman.

Photographer Arrested

He complained that he was lonely in Chicago and needed the affection of the New York blond lady.

The arrest of M. Sato, an enterprising Japanese photographer, was an incident at the opening of court. Sato exploded a flashlight from near the judge's bench just as the proceedings were started. He was sent to the county jail and was to be brought before Judge Sullivan this afternoon.

How Letters Were Found

The reading of the letters was interrupted for a few minutes while Miss Frances J. Ashton, the private detective who roomed at the Dean apartment in New York, told how they came into her possession.

Mrs. Dean, she said, left an old trunk in her room. She opened it and found Rapp's letters wrapped in several old shirtwaists. In one of Rapp's letters he particularly cautioned Mrs. Dean about destroying his letters, but expressed the opinion that it was impossible for any one to spot him.

Be brave, be patient and be faithful and everything will come out all right, was a sentiment in one of his letters to Mrs. Dean.

Defense Opens Attack

Miss Ashton was cross examined briefly by Rapp's attorneys. She held to her story that she had frequently seen Rapp and Mrs. Dean hugging and kissing.

In the afternoon Rapp began presenting his side of the case. The defense began with an attack on Mme. Schumann-Heink in retaliation for the reading of Rapp's love letters.

Names "Mr Baldwin"

Rapps first witness after the opera singer had rested her case was Bryant Humphrey. Humphrey testified he was employed by madam as a chauffeur for four weeks in 1913 following the madams separation from her husband. During that time a Mr. Baldwin, he said, was frequently with madam.

THEY MADE SURE

When President Nicholas Murray Butler was at college certain freshmen of his time made no scruple of stealing a pail of milk which a dairy man daily placed outside the door of Mr. Butler's room while the occupant was in class. In order to foil the boys Mr. Butler printed a sign in big letters: I have poisoned this milk with arsenic. Upon his return he found the milk intact, but added to the notice were these words: So have we.